

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[\$2 50 In Advance, per Annum.]

VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

NUMBER 26.

## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

W. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3d Square below Market.

TERMS:—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents

in advance. If not paid till the end of the

year, Three Dollars will be charged.

No subscription taken for a period less

than six months; no discontinuance per-

mitted until arrears are paid unless at

the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square, eight lines, one time, \$1 00

Every subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25

One square, three months, . . . . . 4 50

One year, . . . . . 10 00

## THE SONG OF UNION PRISONERS

From Dixie's Sunny Land.

AIR—"TWENTY YEARS AGO."

[This song is a savage satire upon the

War Department, which might have deliv-

ered our suffering soldiers from the horrors

of southern prisons, long ago, had it not in-

sisted upon the exchange of black for

white men.]

Dear friends and fellow soldiers brave,

Come listen to our song,

About the rebel prisons.

And our sorrow there so long:

Yet our wretched state and hardships great,

No one can understand,

But those who have endured this fate,

In Dixie's sunny land.

When captured by the chivalry (?)

They stripped us to the skin,

But failed to give us back again,

The value of a gun,

Except some lousy rags of gray,

Discarded by their band;

And thus commenced our prison life,

In Dixie's sunny land.

With a host of guards surrounding us,

Each with a loaded gun,

We were stationed in an open place,

Exposed to rain and sun;

No tent or tree to shelter us;

We lay upon the sand—

Thus side by side great numbers died

In Dixie's sunny land.

This was the daily "bill of fare,"

In that secret prison—

No sugar, tea or coffee there,

At morning, night or noon;

But "a pint of meal ground cob and all,"

Was served to every man,

And for want of fire we ate it raw

In Dixie's sunny land.

We were by these poor rations soon

Reduced to skin and bone,

A lingering starvation—true,

Than death you can but own.

There hundreds lay, both night and day,

By far too weak to stand,

Till death relieved their sufferings

In Dixie's sunny land.

We poor survivors oft were tried,

By many a threat and bribe.

To desert our glorious "Union cause,"

And join the rebel tribe;

Though faint were we to leave the place,

We let them understand,

"We had rather die than thus disgrace

Our flag!" in Dixie's sunny land.

Thus dreary days and nights rolled by—

Yes, weeks and months untold,

Until that happy time arrived

When we were all paroled;

We landed at Annapolis,

A wretched looking band,

But glad to be alive and free

From Dixie's sunny land.

How like a dream those days now seem,

In retrospective view,

As we regain our wasted strength,

All dressed in "Union Blue";

The debt we owe our bitter foe,

Shall not have long to stand,

We'll pay it with a vengeance soon

In Dixie's sunny land.

Seven-up for a Wife,

OR, GOOD AS WHEAT.

In the State of Illinois there was a certain

village boasting of a tavern, three stores,

four groceries, where from morning till

night and from night till early dawn, a per-

son entering the town may find in the ta-

vern, stores, and groceries aforesaid, one or

more groups of persons playing cards—

gambling here is reduced to a science—the

history of the four kings is thoroughly stud-

ied, and from the school boy to the grey-

headed veteran, from the miss in her teens

to the mother of a large family, they are in-

itiated into the mysteries of the high, low,

jack, game, right and left bows, the hon-

ors and the odd tricks. One of the best

players in this village was Major Smith, the

tavern keeper; or, as he expressed it, the

proprietor of the hotel—a widower who like

strong probability of losing both wheat and

wife.

It was not until the Major, with his usual

obstinacy, had sworn that unless he won

he should never have her, that the

young man was forced reluctantly to con-

sent to play.

The table was placed, candles lit, the

cards produced, and the players took their

seats, with Fanny between them, to watch

the progress of the game. The cards were

regularly shuffled and cut, and it fell to the

Major's lot to deal. The first hand was

played, and Bob made gift to his opponents

high, low, game. Bob dealt, the Major

again made three to his opponents one.

"Six to two," said Fanny, with a sigh.

The Major, as he dealt the cards, winked

knowingly and said:

"I am good for the wheat, Master Bob."

The old man turned up a trump—it was a

spade. Fanny glanced at her father's

hand—her heart sunk; he held the tray,

eight-spot, and the king. She then looked

at Robert's hand, and lo, he had the ace,

queen, deuce, and jack, or knave. She

whispered to Bob to beg—de did so.

"Take it," said the Major.

Robert led the deuce, which the old man

took with his three spot; and he then fol-

lowed by playing the king. Bob putting

his queen upon it. The Major, supposing

it to be the young man's last trump, leaned

over the table and tapping the last trick

with his finger, said:

"That's good as wheat."

"Is it?" asked Bob, as he displayed to the

astonished Major the ace and jack yet in

his hands.

"High, low, jack, gift, and game," shout-

ed Bob.

"Out," ejaculated Fanny.

"Good as wheat," added Bob, as he flung

his arm around her neck and kissed her.

In due time they were married, and ever

after that, when anything occurred of a pleas-

ant nature to the happy couple they would

express their emphatic approbation of it by

the phrase "Good as wheat."

Marriage Extraordinary—New use for Re-

venue Stamps.

A few evenings since, a gay party as-

sembled in the "Garden District," to wit-

ness the always interesting marriage cere-

mony. The bride elect was a beautiful

daughter of the Crescent City, and the

bridegroom a gallant gentleman attached to

the Government.

The buzz of general conversation pecu-

liar to such occasions was suddenly hush-

ed when the bridal train was heard de-

scending the stairs on its way to the parlor.

At length the door opened, and preceded

by one of our gravest and most popular di-

viners the party was ushered in. It included,

of course, principals, seconds, and imme-

diolate friends. The marriage ceremony was

performed according to the impressive ser-

vice of the Episcopal Church, and when

there was uttered the solemn and respon-

sible announcement, by the officiating min-

ister, "I pronounce you man and wife,"

one of the groomsmen, "taking advantage

of the occasion," seized the bride by the

hand, drew her towards him, she evidently

willing to be the recipient of a congratu-

latory kiss. But judge of the surprise

and admiration which followed among all

present, when the bride, blushing and con-

fused, was seen to have an "internal re-

venue stamp" pasted upon the center of her

forehead, while, at the same instant, a

similar "tax" appeared upon the intellec-

tual front of the bridegroom!

It is hardly necessary to say that all this

was done by a government official who is

so liberal in his construction of the reve-

nué laws that he deems the sacred rite of

marriage only legal when it is sanctioned

by a revenue stamp. The "insignia" re-

mained on the official parties throughout

the evening, and the incident has caused

considerable fluttering among certain par-

ties who have recently married without the

revenue stamp attached.

It is well known that a title to a piece of

land is worthless without a stamp. Why

should the title to a wife, or to a husband,

be of less careful concern? If the revenue

laws apply in such general terms to all

the transactions of life, and very properly

select for impost all the products of domes-

tic industry, then the marriage ceremony

must be accompanied with the formula of

stamps, otherwise it might be declared ille-

gal and subject the parties to much domes-

tic uneasiness.—New Orleans Picayune.

How to get HARRY.—The happiest man

in this world is the man of moderate de-

## Our Future.

In dealing with a foreign enemy, supre-

macy in arms may bring about a settlement

of the questions in dispute. The trial by

battle ended, the combatants quietly resume

their respective separate missions in the

family of nations. Not so in a domestic

quarrel. If after a peace has been con-

quered by the stronger party, the contest-

ants are to live under the same political

roof, subject to the same laws, and depend-

ent for their welfare and progress upon mu-

tual good will and co-operation in legisla-

tion, and in commercial and industrial

pursuits, something more is essential beside

triumph upon the field of battle. Those

who have confronted each other in deadly

conflict, are not made friends by the simple

act of sheathing their swords. The hearts

so lately inflamed with the passions of civil

strife must be attuned to the harmonies of

tranquil companionship. The hands that

have wielded the weapons of destruction,

must be clasped in concord. The hatchet

must be buried, and with it the animosities

that engendered or were engendered by con-

tention. Until that is done, it cannot be

said that peace dwells in the land.

The North has not passed unscathed the

ordel of war. Triumph has been achieved

at such a cost that the pride of victory is

saddened by painful memories, and exulta-

tion yields to the solemn emotions inspired

by retrospection. The chimera will be rang,

the cannons will boom, and the millions

will wear holiday faces, but beneath the

surface of popular rejoicing there will be an

irrepressible sentiment of awe and sadness,

a people's tribute to the countless fallen and

bereaved. There are too many drops of

blood and too many bitter tears upon the

laurels of the North to permit us to display

them vainly. Let them rest where they

were called, to honor the ashes of the dead,

and let the living seek new glories in open-

ing the still much encumbered path of

peace.

To overcome the physical resistance of

the South was, after all, an affair of force—

In their valor, their endurance, their mar-

tial skill and their faith in the justice of

their cause, they were equal to the North.

They have been subdued by overwhelming

numbers. But to overcome their resent-

ments and secure their future amity will be

found a most difficult and delicate task. It

will not do to make a parade of magnani-

mity and forbearance. The quiet and un-

ostentatious extension to them of all the rights

exercised by the people of the North may

serve, in time, to reconcile them to the

political companionship that it is proposed to

force upon them. If they should be com-

pelled to re-enter the Union with the de-

privation of a single privilege that was theirs

at the commencement of the struggle, the

spirit of sectional antagonism will remain,

and will be nursed and encouraged by the

recollections of defeat. The history of this

war will be taught to Southern children as

the record of a struggle not yet ended, and

the coming generation will be educated to

hate the conquerors of their fathers, and to

rekindle the flame of strife at the first op-

portunity.

It is vain to hope that this future of anti-

agonism can be averted by peopling the South-

ern territory with emigrants from the North.

In a few years